

has ever got around the distressing way in which Hamlet talks to Ophelia in that passage. Your explanation ought to be listened to," was suggested.

Mr. Sothern leaned forward and talked eagerly. "I have got around it to my personal satisfaction," he said. "The trouble is, do I play the passage that troubles me, or do I play the passage that my idea convinces the audience? Let me explain my conception.

"During the soliloquy the King and Polonius are concealed, and it is my idea that Hamlet knows nothing of their presence during the ensuing scene with Ophelia, though one of the guests at this dinner would have it otherwise. Now, during the soliloquy, Hamlet, emotionally sensitive enough before, has worked himself up into a mood that trembles on the edge of suffering. Lonely, craving love, and sympathy, in just that mental condition where no power under heaven could have prevented his speaking in tone of affection to Ophelia, the one being in the world to whom he could turn now. Ophelia suddenly enters and says:

"The fair Ophelia!—Nymph, in thy orisons, Be all my sins remembered."

"And what does Ophelia reply to this speech, brimming with tenderness?"

Good, my lord, How does your honor for his many a day? "An utterly common place remark that must have jarred on Hamlet's mood; must have been a bitter disappointment. And he replies, not in feigned madness, not because he has seen the eavesdroppers, but simply because he is so disappointed, and in a tone of sarcasm.

"I humbly thank you; well, well, well. "And then Ophelia, still further increasing his disappointment and acting in just the opposite fashion from that he yearned for and expected, offers him back his gifts. What is more natural than his reply? Almost any one, so driven, would have said:

"No, not I; I never gave you aught."

"A sudden, yearning outpouring of tenderness on Hamlet's part was met, as he thought, by indifference and unexpected lack of reciprocal affection, and the emotion was driven back sharply upon itself, where it at once broke thoughts of his mother's act and caused the added agony of beholding in Ophelia, as it were under a new, strange light, a creature capable of just the same infidelity. It is not to me so natural as it is pitiful. It is not distressing, as Professor Kittredge says, because it is cruel, but merely because it is so deeply and truly pathetic. Cruelty would not have prompted him to send Ophelia to a nunnery. That speech was prompted by his desire to keep Ophelia the pure ideal of his love. Indeed, kindness, not cruelty, is behind it.

"Well, that is my conception of the scene, and it is a conception I cannot feel is wrong. So, when these men at dinner who had seen me play it still persisted in other views, I had but the one choice of belief—that I had not played it well enough. One can doubt his conception or his execution, but if he is sure of the one and still does not convince his audience, something must be the matter with the other. It is this constant, nightly effort to make one's execution tally with one's conception that makes the part of Hamlet a constant struggle, but a constant intellectual delight, week after week, as long as the play is given."

MUSICAL NOTES.

There will be a song service at the Fletcher-place Church to-night. The regular church choir will be assisted by Mrs. Walter L. Fugate, contralto, and Mr. Emory Shaw, tenor. The musical programme will be under the direction of Avery H. Hassler, and Maude Maple Evans will preside at the organ.

The news comes from London that Richard Strauss is now engaged in composing, among other things, a setting for Uhland's "Tallied," for three soloists, chorus and orchestra, to be performed at a festival in Duisburg next April. His next symphonic poem, he says, will illustrate a day in his own family life, and will be lyrical and partly humorous.

The Metropolitan Opera House Orchestra, with J. S. Duss, conductor, and Mme. Nordica and Edward De Reszke as soloists, is being rapidly booked by its manager for a tour during the month of May in the principal cities of the country as far west as Omaha. A concert will probably be given in Indianapolis, the details have not yet been arranged.

Edward MacDowell, whose piano recital at the Propylaeum last Wednesday afternoon, under the auspices of the Matinee Musicale, was one of the musical treats of the present local season, scored such a success during his tour of the Pacific coast cities that he will visit another trip to the continent within the next few months. He played at the Tivoli Opera House in San Francisco, where he was accompanied by the excellent orchestra, and the large theater there was packed at each concert.

The announcement that Maurice Grau will, after all, retire from active interest in operatic affairs, has been a relief to the management of the Metropolitan Opera House, is a great blow to grand opera in America. It is believed by many, however, that it may be the cause of more concerts throughout the country, as many of the artists now in the Metropolitan company will make tours here to give more cities the opportunity to hear them. Mr. Grau's retirement is to be at the end of the present Metropolitan season he will take a complete rest for one year.

A number of students' recitals are now being given each week in this city. The pupils of Miss Jeanette Crozier and her co-operative teachers rendered a long and attractive programme at the studio of Miss Crouse Friday night, and a piano programme of a half hour, including a recital by Miss Nettie D. O'Boyle's pupils, in the music rooms of the D. H. Baldwin Piano Company on Wednesday night. The pupils of Miss Nettie D. O'Boyle will take place at the Sixth Christian Church on Wednesday night, and the pupils of Miss Nettie D. O'Boyle will take place at the Sixth Christian Church on Wednesday night. The pupils of Miss Nettie D. O'Boyle will take place at the Sixth Christian Church on Wednesday night.

Indianapolis music lovers and students who had the pleasure of attending the MacDowell concert last week will be interested in the following little article, written by Berenice Thompson, musical editor of the Washington Post.

"Edward A. MacDowell, who is acknowledged to be the greatest of American composers, has brought the light of his genius to bear upon this much-discussed question. Through him our Nation is enabled to offer to the world an entirely new phase of the question. Mr. MacDowell shows in his music how an object or a phenomenon in nature, or in literature, may be deliberately sketched on the musical staff. He is the musical artist of truth and palette, painting in tones in both landscape and portrait studies. Furthermore, he brings the art of poetry to bear on his creations, often putting in his compositions a title in rhythmic meter of his own authorship. His book of piano morceaux, entitled 'Sea Pictures,' and other named 'Woodland Sketches,' are examples of his theory put into practice. Moonlight is, in his mind, invariably associated with a certain chord, and whenever the moon is suggested, the chord which he is translating into notes, a poem, chord is certain to make its appearance. There is a limit, however, to Mr. MacDowell's descriptive music, and beyond this border he never can be tempted. His motto is: 'You may disregard the laws of harmony and counterpoint so long as the music sounds well. It is the music that counts, not the theory; much less will be contained the interpretation of disagreeable or disgusting ideas into the musical language. The Wild Rose,' 'An Old Love Song,' 'Of Brer Rabbit,' these are samples of the subjects which inspire the American genius. His tastes are highly esthetic, and nothing of the repulsive or commonplace can find expression in his writings."

ART NEEDLEWORK

BY LADY HOWARD VINCENT

"Satan finds some mischief still for idle hands to do," is an old world proverb that will never find an opportunity of fulfillment by lovers of the art of the needle. No woman who is fond of needlework need ever know a dull minute, and what would many do whose lives are lonely and void of varied interests, without the companionship of this unfailing friend. With its forgetful help, how many solitary hours glide by unnoticed, how many pointless afternoons are spirited away! We lose sight of our troubles and forget the little harassing cares of daily life in the love of creating a beautiful design. Let fingers joying in the skill of their handicraft.

The cult of the needle is essentially woman's affair, and a blessed occupation for an overworked brain. Needlework is to woman, what smoking is to man—an oft and much-needed sedative. The Bible has a dignity to the art of needlework, for did not our Lord himself command Moses to enshroud the Tabernacle, the Holy of Holies of the Israelites, with a veil of fine twined linen of cunning work, whilst the hanging of the door of the tent, "was to be of blue, purple, scarlet and fine twined linen, wrought with needlework?" Rachel made Joseph "a coat of many colors," and Hannah sewed for Samuel the coat she brought up yearly to Jerusalem. But the only allusion, curiously enough, to needlework in the New Testament, when we might suppose that the knowledge of sewing had become more general amongst Jewish women is that of Dorcas, when the widows, weeping, showed Paul "the coats and garments which Dorcas made, whilst she was with them."

The art of producing ornamental needlework has been common to all nations and dates for many years B. C. We find it amongst the red Indians of America, as produced on their embroidered blanket wrappers. The wild savages of Fiji, Samoa and the South Sea Islands use bead ornamentation for their somewhat slender attire. The Laplander embroiders upon the reindeer skin patterns with needles of strips of hide or the sinews of the same animal. The Incas embroidered the shrouds of their dead, for in the tombs in Peru have been found fragments of strips of linen with elaborate designs carried out on them—specimens of these in a wonderful state of preservation can be seen at the South Kensington Museum. The Persians and the Turks excel in embroidery, particularly the latter, who lay on the gold thread and the silver and brass wire in elaborate patterns, radiating from a store of cut glass in the center. What this needlework must be to those poor women forever shut up within the walls of the harem, we, their more fortunate sisters, free to roam the world over, can scarcely gauge.

EMBROIDERIES OF THE EAST. But it is to the Chinese that we must look for the most elaborate examples of silk embroidery. Their patterns are gorgeous, and their monster golden dragons, worked in solid gold thread with tails curling and twisting over yards of satin, are unsurpassed. But the coloring! It is screamingly loud, and positively painful to the eyes. Green, ultramarine blue, a full-blown orange, and, above all, the cruel, lurid, lurid yellow, are their peculiar favorites—colors found nowhere else. And to my mind all Chinese embroideries (and I have seen some of their choicest stores laid out in the court of the legation at Peking) are spoilt by this crudity of colors.

Next, and as I love the dainty little Japanese ladies, affect such sober and soft shades, as dove gray, electric blue or a soft fawn color, delicate sometimes, when I am sure they derive from the pale tints, and opalescent glows that fade into creamy mists, around the snow-clad summit of their beloved Fujiyama. For does not the edge of Fuji dominate their art, as it does every other of their art?

The Indian embroideries, specimens of which are brought to their highest perfection at Delhi, excel in the groundwork of their gold thread, interspersed with silken embroidery, but here again they are in the massive gorgeous taste of the oriental idea of beauty. It was at Delhi that the Queen's coronation robe was designed and worked, under the direction of the vicereine, Lady Curzon, and I expect after the great durbar is over this winter we shall see an ebullition of Indian embroidery appearing on all our friends' dresses during the next London season.

MY EARLIEST RECOLLECTIONS are connected with days of the "high art" craze for crewel work. Every one had a piece of it on hand, specimens of it lay about every drawing room, in the form of antimacassars or borders to the mantelpiece. The material used was of coarse, unbleached "crash"; the wools were of high art shades of sage, and olive green, gray blue or dull orange, for we were all living then under the influence of the school of Burne-Jones, Morris and Crane. How ugly and formal were the patterns we worked, how impossibly conventional were the leaves and flowers we designed, resembling nothing so much as the freehand drawings set before young art students and much detested of them. Yet this crewel work was only after a while, a revival of those ancient burnt hangings and bedspreads, that we still see in old Elizabethan and Jacobean country houses, which were worked on the self-same coarse linen, and also in shades of art wools. Still, this self-same work served a purpose in its day, for it heralded the revival of a more artistic form of work amongst young ladies, who now abandoned the tatting of antimacassars, the wool-work, slippers and the knitting of silk purses, which had hitherto satisfied their

aspirations. They learnt how much scope there was for an artistic mind in drawing out designs, in reproducing the colorings and shadings of nature with their needles. They grasped the fact that needlework could offer them a new delight, inasmuch as it was like painting with the needle in place of the brush.

Many women who have not the gift of intellect, are endowed with the blessing of clever fingers, that, with the nicest skill, can manipulate any kind of work from an elaborate silk embroidery to the recovering of furniture, darning of old brocade or the mending of old lace. And who shall say that this manual cleverness is not a gift as much to be cultivated and appreciated, as that of an intellectual brain. Many men would think it preferable, and certainly many women would be happier in the possession of a gift, within the scope of all women's lives, rather than to be endowed with a mind, which sears above the prosaic details of daily life, and which produces a woman restless and discontented with her ordinary home life.

It is, however, very curious how rarely you find a woman with a really artistic temperament a good needlewoman. She can design, but not execute. She possesses the theory, but not the practice; which so often carries with it the hope to their chagrin, for artistic people are too often vague and impractical, full of ideas which they are not able to carry into execution, beautiful to talk to, but tiresome to deal with. I had nearly said, too, that the best craftsman is the one who is a practical, methodical housewife creature, a blank from an intellectual point of view, not given to know anything much of politics or current literature; were not the same plain woman such a useful factor in daily life. Moreover, this article is indited with a view to extol the virtues of needlework, and the place it should occupy in every sensible woman's life.

Perhaps no kind of embroidery appeals more to the aesthetic and sentimental side of our nature than church work. We embroider an altar frontal with the elevating feeling that our work is being specially consecrated to God, and for all time will be dedicated to His service. And this kind of embroidery has grown now to such a fine art, that it resembles nothing so much as the illuminating seen in old missals. There is the same delicate blending of color in an indefinite design, forming a mosaic of colors, which are all woven together, with outlines of gold thread.

I have just lately been seeing a very touching testimony of the late Queen's interest in needlework, in a beautiful altar cloth ordered by her, through Lady Mayo, from the Dublin School of Art, for the private chapel at Windsor. Alas! that she never lived to see the order completed. The royal arms and those of the prince consort are embroidered on either side, and between them is the figure of St. George and the dragon. The face of the saint is so delicately worked as to look as if it was painted, whilst the horse is designed in cloth of silver. The armor of St. George is so finely shaded, that the shield, when of polished armor is faithfully represented, and the gold scroll work is a marvel of even execution.

How many hundreds of different stitches there are, and to any one taking up the study of needlework, it is interesting and practical to have a kind of sampler handy, on which to work any new stitches that one can pick up from friends. How many different lines of work we have seen flourish, become the rage and then sink into oblivion. At one time we all did drawn-thread work; at another we took to Morris tapestry work, which consisted in covering in the whole pattern by darning in silks on a coarse canvas. The latest craze has been found in ribbon work, and very dainty is the fashioning of little pink roses and sprays of lilac, gathered up the colored ribbons so closely shaded as to produce the effect of a natural cyclax. We have all, in turn, I think, fallen victims to this delicious work.

THE REVIVAL OF LACE MAKING, ETC. Then there is the revival of lace making on pillows, which we fancy greatly on account of the old world look of the borders, held in place by colored pins. Some even have taken to weaving, but this is, perhaps, a more mechanical art, requiring heavy expenditure on a loom, and more of space in erecting it in a room. Lastly, we might mention the more homely, if useful wool-walks and the many colored silks which we all, in turn, knit for our menfolk. And for those incapable of doing women, and they are not few! remains always that refuge for the destitute, the knitting of socks or comforters and woolens in general.

Personally, I am a great admirer of work done with flax thread. It produces an effect equal to silk, and owing to the coarseness of the thread (there are three sizes), a pattern can be produced very quickly, and with greater effect. Their gradations of any color are also perfect. I was struck by a new kind of work I saw the other day. It consisted of a bold design of leaves and flowers, made by cutting out the leaves and petals in colored Irish linen, of blue and green, and buttonholing them on to any kind of material. The effect was striking and novel—and the work gives scope for a good deal of ingenuity in designing and arranging.

ROYALTY AND NEEDLEWORK. Princess Christian has done a great work in encouraging the Royal School of Art at South Kensington, which teaches all kinds of embroidery as a special branch of education, and as a means for women, propertied, to earn their livelihood. Most of the elaborate heraldic designs, worn on the white satin kirtles of the peeresses' coronation robes were worked here, and as this was the only way official orders allowed individual taste to be displayed, many launched out into elaborate designs.

But their greatest triumph, and as showing what can be done in modern days in embroidery, is the King's coronation robe now on view. The pallium or mantle of stiff tissue in cloth of gold is worked all over with the three emblematic symbols of the United Kingdom. Very beautiful is the rose, shading from bright crimson to a calyx of pale pink—the emerald green of the Irish shamrock, and the soft, hairy-looking purple of the thistle; nor are the moose or clasp for the pallium, the armilla or stole less magnificent, worked, as they are, with embroidered silver eagles.

We all deplore the decadence of plain needlework, an art despised and neglected now by all classes, from the mistress to the maid servant. We have a feeling, akin to shame, when we look upon the samplers of our grandmothers, and see there, examples of their darning and marking in invisible stitches. We shelter ourselves behind the invention of sewing machines and say they are responsible for the change. Yet even here we have seen lately a certain revival of plain needlework, co-existent with the starting of the guilds of needlework in all counties by the good Duchess of Teck. Thereby hundreds of idle society women, who never touched a needle in their lives before, took to plain needlework again, and it came to be the fashion for a great lady to produce any kind of homely garment in the drawing room; with a deprecating explanation "for the guilds." By these means thousands of garments are distributed yearly to the very poor, and to mothers who have no time to wash, much less to make clothes.

Many other handicrafts have, of late years, engrossed us, such as wood-carving, poker work, the fashioning of bent iron work in grilles and lattices, whilst the last new fashion is book binding. These arts and crafts appeal to many girls with clever fingers, who have not patience enough to design with the needle. But no new invention will ever take exactly the same place, or supersede with woman the practical use of needlework.

Truly may we say that, as a domestic art, "it has been practiced in all ages and by all classes from the princess to the pauper school girl."

Next Week: "Wood Carving," by Rev. F. C. Lambert.

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PROF. DE MAARTENS



If the Venezuelan controversy, by any means not foreseen, should be referred to the Hague arbitration tribunal, Professor De Maartens, the eminent Russian authority on international law, probably will be one of the distinguished arbiters who will determine the dispute.

The Newest Great Poet.

New York Sun. By the advice of a physician we refrained from the use of Indiana, California and Syracuse news during the holidays. These reports are exhausting. Still, when poetry calls, we have to answer. So we opened the year with a new poet. The Hon. Mason Carnes has written "The Argonauts of Immortality," the able seamen that "know the shiver of the ghoulish wave." "The ghoulish wave" naturally suggests some more agreeable drink:

"I thought that my hopes like wine would So I bottled a few and thrust them deep In the cellar of my feelings' hold."

Down dead, by the way, in the cellarage. Is he Donne? Or is he Cowley? Note him in another liquid movement:

"Each man's a drop infinitesimal In multitudinous impulsion borne."

Massive and memorable lines, with a distinct moral value. We hardly need to recommend wives to make their husbands spin and fly. Where is George Washington Carnes now? Where's James Byron Elmore now? Where's the Hoosier school or the Syracuse school? Where's anybody except the Hon. Mason Carnes, the infinite comic poet, the founder of the Chasms-Spasm school?

Set in His Religious Ways.

Washington Star. Out at the Soldiers' Home in this city the Sisters of Mercy are turning volunteer nurses to look after the sick veterans. It is a pure work of love and mercy, but the circumstances will permit and reduce drunkenness and desertion to a minimum. With this end in view it has induced the Congress to appropriate \$600,000 with which to construct, equip and maintain buildings at military posts for reading rooms, gymnasium, billiard halls and kindred uses. The intention is to establish a post exchange, or enlisted man's club, with all these attractive features, and without wines, tears or liquors, to see if it will keep the men within the garrison and away from the surrounding groceries that do so much shaking his head.

"No, no. I could do nothing with him," responded the nonagenarian. "You see he is a Methodist and I am a Baptist and he wouldn't listen to a word I had to say."

The Sisters of Mercy met with no greater encouragement in their spiritual ministrations, but the old fellow recovered from his attack, to the surprise of everybody, and claims to be in no special need of religious attention.

The Grass. The grass so little has to do—With a great many things—With only butterflies to brood, And bees to entertain.

And stir all day to pretty tunes And hold the sunshine in its lap And bow to entertain.

And thread the dew all night, like pearls, And make itself so fine—And when it dies, to pass In core so divine, As loveliness goes to sleep, Or amulet of life.

And then to dwell in sovereign bays, And dream the days away—The grass so little has to do, I wish it were the day! —Emily Dickinson.

Indiana National Guard

Special Orders from Brigade Headquarters Since the Beginning of the Year—Other Military News

The following are the special orders issued from brigade headquarters, Indiana National Guard, since the beginning of the year:

—Special Orders, No. 1.—

Jan. 13, 1903.

I. First Lieutenant D. C. Griswold, Company G, First Infantry, is hereby appointed mustering officer for the purpose of enlisting into the military service of the State such recruits as are accepted and presented by the commanding officer of Company G, First Infantry, stationed at Attica. All enlistments must be made as prescribed in Art. XLII, Rules and Regulations of the Indiana National Guard and indicated by the blanks furnished from these headquarters.

II. Three months furlough is granted Corporal C. Dreesbach, Company D, Third Infantry, Fort Wayne.

III. Three months furlough is granted Private C. Felts, Company D, Third Infantry, Fort Wayne.

IV. Three months furlough is granted Private E. Prepsenbrein, Company D, Third Infantry, Fort Wayne.

V. The following named enlisted men are hereby discharged from the military service of the State, viz.: Company D, Third Infantry, Fort Wayne. Honorably: Sergeant Henry F. Meyers, removal from city; Private Pearl C. Evans, enlisted U. S. N.; Private Arthur L. Knox, business necessity; Private Chester Wallace, business necessity. Without Honor: Private William Kock, non-attendance; Private Paul J. Rennan, non-attendance; Company F, Third Infantry, South Bend. Honorably: Private Casimir Murook, removal from State. By command of Brigadier General McKee.

F. W. FRANK, Lieut. Col. and A. A. G.

—Special Orders, No. 2.—

Jan. 17, 1903.

The following named enlisted men are hereby discharged from the military service of the State, viz.: Company A, First Infantry. Honorably: Corporal William Scott, expiration of enlistment; Corporal Joseph S. Miller, removal from State; Private Eli Jenkins, removal from State.

Company D, Second Infantry, Indianapolis. Honorably: Sergeant Fred C. Lorenz, business necessity; Sergeant Harry F. Sellers, business necessity. Band of Third Infantry, South Bend. Honorably: Sergeant William Hatfield, removal from city; Sergeant Oscar Van Neire, removal from city; Sergeant James W. Palmateer, removal from city. Company K, Third Infantry, Fort Wayne. Honorably: Sergeant Lester Feagler, expiration of enlistment. By command of Brigadier General McKee.

F. W. FRANK, Lieut. Col. and A. A. G.

—Special Orders, No. 3.—

Jan. 24, 1903.

1. Capt. James L. Glascock, Artillery Battalion, is hereby assigned to Battery C, stationed at Lafayette, and will assume command of same.

2. First Lieut. John C. Dryle, Artillery Battalion, is hereby assigned to Battery C, stationed at Lafayette, and will report in person to battery commander for duty.

3. First Lieut. Elam R. McBroom, Artillery Battalion, is hereby assigned to Battery C, stationed at Lafayette, and will report in person to battery commander for duty.

4. Second Lieut. Albert J. Norris, Artillery Battalion, is hereby assigned to Battery C, stationed at Lafayette, and will report in person to battery commander for duty.

5. Capt. Alvin W. Dudley is hereby assigned to First Regiment Infantry, and will assume command of B Company, said regiment, Terre Haute.

6. Capt. Alvin W. Van Camp is hereby assigned to Second Infantry, and will report in person to regimental commander for duty as regimental quartermaster.

7. The following named men are hereby discharged from the military service of the State: Company C, First Infantry, New Albany—Honorably: Corporal Edward Farabee, expiration of enlistment; Corporal William D. Richards, expiration of enlistment.

By command of Brigadier General McKee. F. W. FRANK, Lieut. Col. and A. A. G.

Law and custom in the Indiana National Guard require an examination of all enlisted men before they are commissioned as officers and of all officers before they are promoted. The following officers and sergeants of the guard have lately been ordered before boards for examination looking to their promotion:

Down dead, by the way, in the cellarage. Is he Donne? Or is he Cowley? Note him in another liquid movement:

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Massive and memorable lines, with a distinct moral value. We hardly need to recommend wives to make their husbands spin and fly. Where is George Washington Carnes now? Where's James Byron Elmore now? Where's the Hoosier school or the Syracuse school? Where's anybody except the Hon. Mason Carnes, the infinite comic poet, the founder of the Chasms-Spasm school?

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THEIR USUAL METHOD. Mrs. Benton Holme—The pipes are all frozen again. I'll have to send for a plumber. Benton Holme—Then send for one who has a house of his own. Otherwise he'll get out.

during the 1903 encampment; also at their regular drill nights in their armories.

Major Breed, of Marion, was in the city during the week. He is a member of the Governor's staff. There is talk of organizing the Fourth Regiment with Major Breed as its colonel.

Major W. H. Kershner went to Terre Haute on Friday to inspect and condemn some clothing for Company B, First Infantry.

The Society of the Army of Santiago de Cuba will hold its reunion in Detroit, Mich., July 16 and 17.

J. T. B.

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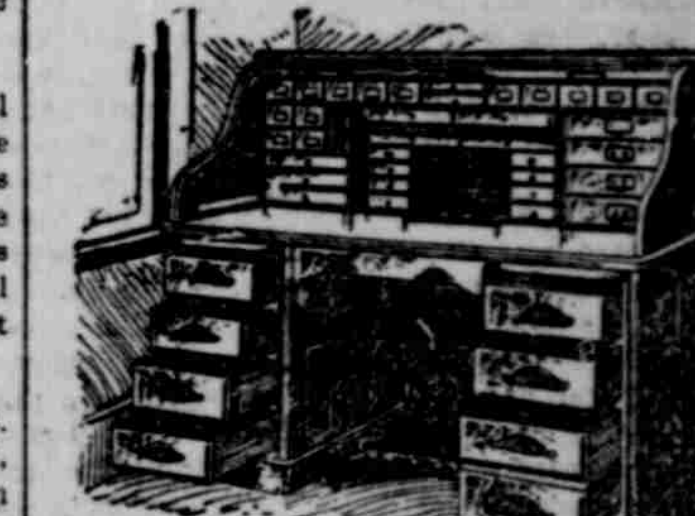


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